

READ THIS AND LIKE IT!

THE BATTERY

SALINAS • JUNIOR • COLLEGE



Volume IV

Salinas, California, Friday, January 15, 1937

No. 15

'Round The Squirrels By "CLIFF"

Swish, swish, my how the time flies—only yesterday it was good old 1937; now the calendar reads 1930. My beard am getting long, but still I aim to see the world. So hop on a dream boat, you dopes, and let's take a gander.

Ah, here we are in the Philippine Islands. Why! there's the Hall boys. Bob still insists on making his 100 per cent in the bath tub while Don is continually hankering to play soldier. His many children are contentedly gurgling "goo goo," Don blushes and says, "who me?"

Down we gallop, via buffalo, to deep dark Africa, where old man Judge is selling woolen underwear to the natives. He's having a hard time trying to tell them that the scratchy feeling is due to something other than the underwear.

By this time I'm getting durn-furd up in this camel riding. I never know which hump to ride on; so I guess I'll try riding underneath. Which will be all right if only the beast is not bothered with stomach trouble, because I know the rumbling of his stomach will keep me awake at night—but on to the delights of Turkey.

There stands the cross where Kasavan was unmercifully crucified by Cohen, the grafter. On to where a maid of small stature is peddling mud to the Sultan of Slop. Ah, now to take a peek at the world's largest collection of females—whose house? Why Mammen's house! Sh, he likes cousins and Smith's the best sh... don't tell anybody.

Flash, crackle, boom—Salinas, California, Jan. 8, '30. Word comes that the town is shortly anticipating the opening of the new junior college. They're a cinch to be by Thanksgiving. Doesn't Crosby sing "I Believe in Miracles" beautifully?

Where the monkeys are the fleaciest and the grass skirts are the shakiest, you'll find my haven. Whatta sight! Just to watch them swaying in the evening breeze—what supple limbs. Yes sir, trees are pretty things.

It's a shame we couldn't see more of the old gang, but some are in the happy hunting grounds without even a license; others are still in school, while a great many may be reached by addressing your letter thus:

000678000.65½ Napa St.
San Quentin,
Folsomfornia.

In closing let me give you a little recipe given to me by that famous old chief Squatting Cow.

Take three pounds of horsemeat
One lb. of garlic
Two teaspoons of Lux
Two gallons of rot gut
A weak sister.

Now mix them all together, and bake thoroughly for two hours—boy, will she come out strong!

JES' A AMATURE JOB

Benefit Skate January 20th

Skating is again on the bill of fare for the night owls of Salinas J. C. This merry meet is to be held the night of January 20th at the usual time and place. This skating party will again be held for the benefit of something and a very fine cause it is. "Go skating and help send the Salinas Junior College Tennis Team to Southern California," will be the motto of the party. If sufficient funds are raised the boys will make one of the greatest trips in the history of Salinas J. C.

The trip will take in most of the better junior college and freshman tennis teams of the south land. Plans are underway for matches with such teams as the University of California at Los Angeles Frosh, Redlands Univer-

sity Frosh, Santa Anna Junior College and many others. This is another great opportunity for Salinas J. C. to put itself in the public eye once more as it did so successfully with the football squad who have the newspapers of all cities and schools talking about them, as the greatest traveling junior college football team in history, covering well over 4,000 miles and visiting three states.

It is now up to you students of Salinas Junior College to put this Jaysee tennis team on the map. Any of the following tennis players will be more than glad to supply you with any number of tickets: Ayers, Smith, Dong, Draper, Tucker, Howard, Pence, and Mammen.

Block "S" In Final Meet Of Semester

The lettermen's organization of Salinas Junior College known as the Block "S", called the final meeting of the present semester Thursday noon in room 19. This meeting marked the finish of a non-too-successful term of office for the following officers: Bill Lee, president; Ross Beamer, vice-president; and Alex Ayers, secretary. Officers for the coming year have as yet not been selected. A meeting for this will be called soon after the start of the second semester.

The business of the day was taken in hand by the small group that attended. Plans were laid for the building up of a fund to help buy sweaters for the boys that won their blocks during the past football season. It was suggested by members present that one or several benefit dances should be held under the sponsorship of the Block "S" to raise the required amount of money. It was pointed out to those present that such a plan would work only with the whole hearted effort of the entire club. If this plan goes through with the success that it should there is no reason why any letterman in this school should have to stand the whole cost of a sweater which he has spent so much time and honest effort to earn.

AMATEUR SNATCHES

Remember, students, election time is drawing near. Our officers have done well this past semester—not much—but well. Look in the corners, under all the tables; who knows you may find some up and coming leaders. Who may want an office, or something.

I've read heads in at least half dozen recent Batteries that Salinas J. C. will move to the new building soon. I conclude that somebody must have been all wrong; so I inquired (if you guys don't know what that word means—guess). So I asked Mr. Lemos. He says that

Second Semester Registration Jan. 18-19

Announcing of the plans for second semester registration last Monday, Principal J. B. Lemos brought all students back to realization that Salinas Junior College would soon be back to normal, and those outlasting the finals could start worrying about the second semester exams.

Registration will begin Monday morning, January the 18th, in the old building. (No new home yet; just wait—we will get there someday.) All persons whose names begin with the upper half of the alphabet—that is from A to L—will start trying to find what course they need to take and why. Tuesday the latter part of the alphabet (pardon me I mean), those students whose last name begins with any of the letters from M to Z will do their little bit to increase the enrollment of S. J. C. Classes will start Wednesday morning, January 20th, in the old building. However Mr. Lemos wants to warn all students to be on their guard as we may move any day.

The matter of dues: old students will be required to pay only \$2.00, while new students and those having their payment deferred must dig down deep and hand over \$5.00. All laboratory fees must be brought back up to \$5.00.

The bookstore wishes to announce that it will take all used books at their price and also sell you new books at their own price.

we move as soon as the sidewalks are dry. Why didn't they tell us before?

Lemos also says that we may move overnight. We've always been noted for speed, we Salinasites, and I've read lots of times that we were smarter than those Stanford students. Guess I'm off the subject, but remember, don't be surprised if you come here and nobody is here, for we'll be over there.

Have you seen the gym at our new Jaysee? What a monstrous

(Continued on Page 3)

Nothing new but always something different is the idea of the Amateur staff of this week's Battery. It is just loads of fun to sit in the Battery office just as if you owned the place after so many weeks of standing outside and reading the sign on the office door saying "If you are not a member of the Battery staff please KEEP OUT." If you have never been so fortunate as to have stepped into this office you don't really know what you have missed. A very cozy little room with a couple of typewriters, desks, chairs, and a lovely electric heater which most of the staff spend their time around.

It is also quite a kick to see some of the veteran members step in the office, look around, try to see what is to be in the great edition and be politely told to scram, and out they walk with a smirk on their face and say to somebody out side what a flop this week's paper is going to be.

Flop or not we, members of the staff, guarantee to make more people laugh and more of them mad than any other edition ever sent to press. It has been a honest attempt of every member to dig up all the dirt he could find to put into this sheet. More than likely, however, a good part of it will be thrown in the waste basket because it hits too near the point. So as a hint to all of you people who enjoy such reading, not only read this issue of the paper but start looking at all scraps of copy you find floating around.

The acting staff, no matter what is said in the Friday edition, has no intention of casting any reflections upon the present Battery staff, but the whole student body really does appreciate the hard work put in by its members to give us a paper which will give the news of the school as well as lots of good clean humor. In case any of you don't think there is lots of work connected to putting out this little sheet ask me, the Assistant Editor, who has all the work and none of the play.

In winding up this what-ever-you-want-to-call-it, I would like to say let's make this an annual job of some of the would-be newspaper men of the school. Put out a sheet, call it what you wish, but give the regular staff one week's rest during the year and the readers something different. After all there are very few things happening in this world today; the general things are the same things done in a little different way; that is what makes your news. If you don't believe me, take a look at your evening paper and then tell me how many new things happen during the day then tell me how many times the same thing happened that day.

"An-sell I sit," woefully moans Wilmot, as he sits in his Ozark Mountain Home, playing bridge with an old walrus named Cole, who viciously crunched a cookie, as his hound called Alexander smelled his feet and fell dead.

THE BATTERY

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ADVISORS	Prof. Louis Eris, Prof. Francis J. Powers
NEWS HOUNDS	Norman Skadan, Don Conover, Gerard Woelful, "Slim" Cole, Ernest Scattini

PUBLISHERS NOTE: The old staff is not responsible for anything appearing in this edition.

THE NEW STAFF: Us too.

EDITORIAL

Study

Coach says we gotta study to get anywhere. Most of us aren't going to Stanford anyway, excepting maybe Cliff or Norm, but we gotta study a little to get to St. Mary's and Santa Clara or some place. Maybe we could study if there wasn't so much noise. Girls keep us from studying too. Coach says you can't think of the skirts and study simultaneously. I found that one in the dictionary under the s's. Hope you guys can find it too. Take Coach for instance. He was studying law, but he came across a good looking girl in college and married and now he's just a coach. We all think he's O.K. though. I guess I'm getting a little personal talking about Coach and all of us guys, so I'd better write about study in general. It's a darn good thing to study. With the finals and all I'm a little uneasy. I should have bought some books but I don't even know what pages to read so that wouldn't do much good. Bet I flunked the psychology exam. That Eris isn't as easy as he sounds. There I go getting off the subject again. We should do more studying in the study hall. I don't study there cause everything's so quiet and I breath too loud, but when I look in I don't see hardly a soul excepting maybe the ones that already know a lot, and with the finals and everything there should be quite a bunch in there. I better quit writing and study. That's the only reason us guys are handling the paper this week is because the other guys wanted to study. It wouldn't do us much good to study anyhow I guess. Wish I had taken some English in college, but most of you guys couldn't read long words anyhow. Could you?

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A SAD STORY

There was once a young maid who lived in Salinas. One day she decided to go to school for the education she knew she needed for the realization of her one ambition. So she enrolled at Salinas Junior College. Her one ambition was to be like a girl she knew who was also a student at the college. The name of the girl was Althea Sisson.

There were many reasons why she wanted to be like Althea Sisson. The big reason was that Althea Sisson was such an intelligent girl. Not only was she a star reporter on the Salinas Junior College Battery, but she was also the most adept of anyone at digging. She could dig more dirt than twenty steam shovels. In fact, she dug so deep and so indiscriminately that the dirt soon became black, slimy, slush, and the slush soon became worse than that. But that fact did not bother her. No, she kept on digging, comfortable in the thought that what she was doing was being hailed as clever and daring and would someday land her into a metropolitan newspaper as a star columnist of "dirt" with a staff of twenty or more "scandalmongers."

Her practicality, too, was another admirable trait. She recalled an incident when Althea had used Le Page's glue instead of ordinary paste in order to stick paper posters on the white, stucco walls of the Civic Club. Not only did this method serve steadfastly to stick the posters to the walls, but the black removable stains left by the glue helped also to stipple the walls which were going to be stippled sooner or later, within the next 10 years or so, anyway.

So she registered at Salinas Junior College determinedly, and hopefully. Two years passed. Years of disappointing failure. She had worked, she had slaved, she had sweated, but alas, she had not realized the ambition for which she had mightily striven. She had not become at all like Althea Sisson. She lacked the heart; the heart of the true scandalmonger.

SAYS WHICH

Bum, slumping up to Woelfull: "Have you a dime for a cup of coffee?"

Woelfull: "No, but I'll manage somehow, thanks."

Cathey (our absent-minded Newberry's salesgirl) as date kisses her goodnight: "Anything else, sir?"

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I'LL TAKE VANILLA

It came to pass that Daniel called the King a so-and-so, and those were harsh names to call the King in those days. So the King had Daniel thrown in the lion's den. One day the King was walking by; he perceives Daniel in the den. Says he to Daniel, says he, "How fairest thou, Daniel? Wouldst thou have an onion for thyself?" . . . That's enough of this stuff. I never was good at poetry. That is, real poetry. But I remember once when the good preacher said, "My Brethren, everything cometh to him who waiteth." . . . If he knoweth where to waiteth. And in as much as a bird in the hand gathers no moss and that a stitch in time is worth two in the bush, or maybe I'm wrong . . . Anyway how far is out? And how high is up? And where do the lights go when they go out? I still maintain that it is better to have halitosis than no breath at all, and the salesman told the farmer's daughter . . . but maybe I shouldn't tell you that one. The early bird gets the worm . . . but who wants a worm anyhow. I had some white horses on the ranch, and I also had some black horses, but I had to sell all the white horses because they ate more than the black horses. I tried for years to figure out what caused the thing but it was not until I sold the white horses that I found out that the reason why the white horses ate more than the black horses was because I had more of the white horses. So don't ever let that happen to you.

Cabbages To Cohen

We know we ain't no genius with the pen, Cohen. (you emphatically stated that in last week's edition) but we never claimed to be so. Now, we the staff, invite you out to our spring practice. Bring your owl stretcher and Mammen too, if you wish.

We all got together and figured out a few

THINGS TOO GOOD for COHEN

Tar and feathering.
Splints driven up finger nails.
Neck stretched.
Toe nails banged with hammer.
Hair plucked out of chest (if he has one).

Writing a column with Cohen in it.

Made to eat his no good camera.
Flunking all finals.
J. C. Co-eds.

AIN'T FUNNY

Tom Judge: to rich looking gent.
"Can you give me \$10.00? I'm working my way through college."

Rich Gent: "I have only \$5.00 in change."

Judge: "That's O.K. Just give me the five, and I'll work my way through high school."

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HITHER AND YON

"JUNK"

FAMOUS FIRST WORDS:
Watch me dodge that cop!
FROM BAD TO VERSE:
Jack and Jill went up the hill
They couldn't pay the water bill
Jill slapped Jack, and Jack ding-
ed Jill
Tsk! Tsk!

PET IRK:

The self-satisfied editors of Battery who smugly took it for granted that this issue would be so much worse than their mediocre, to say the most, efforts to date. Were they fooled—or were they?

DO DADS:

Mutiny in the Battery office. The regular staff retreated into their corner sucking their thumbs. Sour grapes, sour grapes. I know a secret. I won't tell: Cohen is a rat. Just a too-oo-ool, you-hoo. Sally of the Alley.

ABOUT FINALS:

Enough said.

ABOUT YOU:

First we have Cathey. Now, she's a nice proper little girl and she hasn't had enough publicity, but I know something about her. That fraternity pin didn't grow on her; even if she does try to say so.

Some of the guys saw Wilmot in his swell Buick over in P. G. about 2 a.m. New Year's morning. From where we sat it looked as if the car was Barbaraless. Right, Willy?

We notice that our hallway Romeo, Alexander, has a new girl. We don't know how far it's gone, but from his manouvers, it must be at an interesting point. For more information ask Alex.

We've had our Campbell and Jean, Cole and Phillips, Hall and Janet, and Christiersen and Book. Now we're having our Campbell and Durnford, Cole and Cook, Hall and White, and Christiersen and Palmer. Through all our changes in couples, there has been one sweet and lengthy affair—Warren Cotrell and Priscilla De Coto. Don't you watch the halls?

Lois Phillips, you better put your thumb down on that lesser-half of yours. He's casting around over on the Penninsula, and it isn't fish he's after. We think her name is Dorothy and she's only a high school lass. My, my, what goings on.

How comes Mosettini gets off the bus at Chualar and drags himself back at the same place next morning? We know he hangs his hat in Soledad. (This is just for you Moss—That's a swell looking number from Gonzales high living in Chualar. You ought to look her up sometime????)

We'll let it go at that, remembering always that discretion is the better part of valor, and hidden sin is half-forgiven—as Longfellow used to say—or did it?

STUDENTS

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Thoughts While Strolling

(Apologies to O. O. McIntyre)

What tall, dark and handsome football player now answers to the nickname of **Dandruff**? And why? Could it be that he is always seen falling around some girl's neck? And why do the boys call **Alexander** "Admiral"? Is it because he had charge of the vessels in the kitchen of the City Limit Inn? **Porter** says getting plump is only a routine matter; all you have to do is to fill out a form. Speaking of nicknames—did you hear **Mickey's** latest? The boys call him **Pilgrim**. They say every time he goes out with Billie he makes more progress. Don't be surprised if those hay-seeds on **Woelfell's** coat lapels turn out to be wild oats. They're now calling **Shep** "Author"—I guess it is because he is making a play for the blond next door. They tell me that **Christiersen** was only half inebriated New Year's Eve. He ran out of money. **Cole** finds it's better to have loved and lost—he says it's a lot better. The boys call a certain high school girl, often seen with one of our linemen, **Rumor**. They say she passes from mouth to mouth. **Dave's** new nickname "Musical feet". Two flats. That little hat **Matuelich** is wearing around would look better on a trombone. **Wilmot** says kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives. If you get one the rest come easy—can it be experience talking? Compared to **Dave Boyd** the **Smith Brothers** are just bothered with a mild case of "fuzz." **Mr. Lemos** says he hasn't quit dancing, he just stopped until he can find a concave lady partner. On the football field and in the gym, **Powers** is even-tempered—always cross. **Bob** says he has enough money saved up to last him the rest of his life—if he dies before morning. Classical remark of the year. **Coach** rushing into a "dive" in San Luis—"Waiter, look among the empty bottles under the table and see if you can find my basketball manager." **Campbell** says he might only be young once, but he figures if he works it right, once will be enough. Big hearted **Gert**—don't worry—heaven will protect the working girl—who'll protect the guy she's working?

Tell It To Ophelia

Dear Ophelia:

I'm all mixed up. My head goes round and round. I have two ardent suitors. One is a sailor and the other a college boy. Both are tall, dark, and handsome, and have terrific lines. Boy, kid, they wow me! Both are tired of being strung along, though. They want me to choose either one, and leave all this monkey business alone. I'm so worried I don't sleep nights, I can't concentrate, let alone make up my mind. Ma says if I don't make up my mind pretty soon she'll have to do it for me—and heavens! after she picked Dad I hate for her to do that!

So rush your answer—time's a wastin'.

HOWSHOULDIKNOW.

Dear Howshouldiknow:

A sailor has a man in every port, but a college man has a girl on every davenport.

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As We See Them

Tom Judge—When do we eat?
Cliff Campbell—True to the last DROP.

Betty Durnford—There's something about a soldier.

Ralph Wilmot—Never say die.

Barbara Ansell—Take me out to the (basket)ball game.

Eugenio Gomez—Nobody loves me.

Longshoreman Shephard—I Yam what I Yam.

Pete Motta—Gentleman of leisure.

Bill Curry—Park lane or bust.

June Rhodes—Where is my wondering Tom tonight.

Kay Vosti—Giggle, giggle, giggle.

Richard Riopel—Gentleman in dis-

guise.

Ross Beamer—Wolf in Sheep's clothing.

Bob Christiersen—How dry I am.

Kenneth Ambrose—Quack! Quack!

Quack! (Donald Duck).

Althea Sisson—Del Monte at any price.

Luther White—Old Faithful.

Mary Cathey—A freckle a day.

Slim Cole—Loves 'em and leaves 'em.

Louis Phillips—I've got you under my skin.

Dave Boyd—Untouched.

Alex Alexander—Love is just around the corner.

Mickey Woods—You can't kid me—I'm too ignorant.

Kimble Smith—Look down, look down.

Doris Cook—Baby face (if you only knew).

Bob de Yoe—Who says there ain't no evolution?

Rose Panzierra—In my jolly Oldsmobile.

Old Gert—Oh, the old gray polo pony, she ain't what she used to be.

Wilmar Tognazzini—Sweeter than all the roses.

Maxine Porter—O.K. Joe.

Ernest Scattini—Country gentleman.

AMATEUR SNATCHES

(Continued from Page 1)

building. Why—it must be about 9 or 10 feet high and it's all of twelve feet long, maybe longer. One side belongs to the boys, and the other side to the girls. There's a big thick partition between the two sides. Darn those architects.

You'll notice the boys are wearing their hair longer, and their belts are pulled in a notch or two further than usual. That N.Y.A. never will come, I guess. Poor boys—they've all decided to take violin lessons. Haven't any of the students got a violin or an apple? Just a little bite of anything would help.

I wish to pause for one moment to praise this column "Snatches." This is one column that has clean refined dirt—not that dirty foul dirt found in your other dirt columns.

They tell us that we have the honor of giving the putter outer's of the last edition of the aBttery in our old building. I think most of you that have been around here very long will sort of miss the old halls for quite a while. It'll always look like more than just part of the high school to me. Sniff! Well, shiver my timbers—a tear.

Maybe you've seen the picture "Lady for a Dayz," or whatever it was. Anyway, working on the staff this week makes me feel that way. It's been fun, and I'll remember it for a long time. What! More tears? This is no time for sentimental carryings on. Pass me that copy. You say it isn't copy? Well pass it to me! How do you expect me to know all of your new-fangled words.

Esquire Powers—Ye olde coache of S. J. C. football squade.

Sir Halbert Alexander—Rite taule on squade.

Sir Launcelot Wilmot—Rite guarde on squad.

Sir Gawain Boyde—Lehfte taule on squade.

Knave Kroopnick—Ye stoogie to ye coache.

Ye Damsel Ansell—Ye crier.

Act I—Scene I. Football green-swordre at practice tyme.

Esq. Powers—At this time, all ye men aspiring for a berth on our footeballe teame, raiseth aloft thy rite hands, nay, I meaneth thy rite hand, Sir Gawain Boyd; thou knowest, the with hand with which thou eatest porridge.

Sir Gawain—(holding up lehfte hand) Please, sire, but I eatest porridge with this.

Esq. Powers—Silence Knave! Thy garrulity grates against my auditory nerves; my patience is nigh torn asunder.

Sir Launcelot—(remonstrating) Please, sire, my eagerness to play is making of me a veritable ass, and I beg forgiveness, but let us play, since we are all here together.

Esq. Powers—Ay, mine fine young wastrel, bring forth yourn pigskin. (kicking Sir Halbert on the bustle) movest thy carcass, thou b a s e chewer of sunflower seeds—to the bench with you.

Sir Halbert—Take it easy, coach—I mean, Willest thou not takest it with ease? Thy foote is passing hard, and harder is this bench.

Sir Gawain—Ye coach—I mean, please sire, must I hold this aching hand aloft much longer? I am fast losing strength.

Esq. Powers—Thou block! Thou stone! Thou common noun! Squat with line, or I shalt slay thee with the jawbone of an ass.

Sir Gawain—Yeah, by talking over much.

Stoogie—Never in my life have I been squire to such a rabble.

Where They'sa Will

We have placed ourselves far in the future. Mick Woods, our old grid hero, has passed away and is half-heartedly trying to enter heaven. Saint Peter meets him at the gate and asks these questions:

"Did you ever attend college?" Saint Peter asked.

"Yes, sir, Pete, I went to Salinas Junior College."

"Well, I won't hold that against you. You don't look like the studious type, though. What did you study?"

"I didn't study, sir, but I was star fullback on Power's football team; was voted the most valuable player by the squad; and was picked on Gooding College all-opponent football eleven."

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JAY SEE SPORTS

Page 4

BATTERY

Friday, January 15, 1937

A FOOTBALL HANGOVER

Time: Sat. afternoon. Oct. 3, 1936. 3:30 p.m.

Characters: Football team and Coach.

The first half has just ended and the players trudge slowly to the end of the field where they group themselves together and sit down.

COACH: "Sit down and listen—yeah, listen intently, 'cause this is gonna be all in English. I hope you'll be able to understand. (Finely divided satire.)

In the first place if you guys are alive tomorrow I'm to blame. If anyone, yeh, anyone, tells you guys you are good, or even look good, slug him. When I got up this morning, the world was beautiful; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the flowers were in bloom, friends were cheerful—now you guys have turned this flower bed into a field of poison ivy. Each day you guys play worse, but today you play yike week after next."

Where were you on that pass, Mel? Boy, did they make a sap of you? If you cut your finger now, maple syrup would run out. Where your bump of observation should be there is just a hollow. Judge, can't you ever get your signals? For your own personal benefit we have cut the number of plays down to ten since you joined the squad. Haven't you got anything in that head of yours besides a cold? That goes for you too, Alexander; the only thing your head is for is to hold your ears apart. I thought you were one of those cultural guys, but I see today you must be one of those "Latin" guys—at least you're always "latin" that guy push you all around. Why that guy hasn't enough meat on him to bait a mouse trap. If—and I hay IF—you ever fall on him you'll flatten him out like one of those dried codfish. But from the looks of things he'll be able to draw his chair up to the dinner table. As far as you're concerned, you get no dinner. Incidentally, Boyd, you should be ashamed of yourself standing right there and letting that little fellow mistreat your old pal Alex. Why didn't you help him out a little. What's the matter; are you mad at him, or are you both going out with the same girl? Wil-mot, don't ever get mad? You and that guy across from you act like a couple of politicians. Forget the handshaking for a little while and lower the boom on that dude. Don't just stand there and make faces at the guy. You can't scare him, he used to live with Dracula. Campbell, you remember the first time I talked to you and you told me you were a woman-hater? I understand now what you were talking about; you hate'er be without them. If you'd quit thinking about girls—or at least promise to think about them only nights and days, you'd be a better end. Get your mind on the ballgame or some of those guys on the other side with no regard for cupid are liable to fix you up for slow music. Speaking of ends, Skadan, I'm sure glad to see you getting hard boiled, at least, you should be hard boiled by now;

you've been in hot water all afternoon. They've run around your end so much they've got a trench worn in the the turf. And, Shep, you're supposed to be the quarterback. You're supposed to be playing on our side. If you've got any intelligence at all you've got a very clever way of concealing it.

Lay off those passes. Bowman handles that ball like it was something he wanted to get a long ways from him, and you ends handle it like it was a hot potato. Run Woods through the line. What are you saving him for? He doesn't dance. Hall you're supposed to be running interference on that 32 play. So far you've been the chief source of interference the ball packers have had to contend with. No remember next half, we go North. Find out which direction north is and run that way and try to knock down some of those fellows with the wrong colored jerseys for a change, and Don, you must have learned your tackling from the Joe Louis pictures. I haven't seen so many right hand punches thrown with so little effect since Max Baer turned Hollywood. Woods, you're wrapping your arms around that full like he was some lodge potentate, next time promise you'll tackle him just once. I think one good tackle will convince him that he was born once too often, and when you pack that pumpkin speed it up. You're slower than an old maid walking past the Bachelors' Club. There should be a law prohibiting some of you guys from getting up and walking around on your hind legs and thus imposing upon other mammals. If you lose this game you better crawl into your holes and quit disillusioning folks. And you guys sitting on the bench—don't be so sad, as long as these guys can stay in there and take it, you won't have to get into the fire. I just brought you along for atmosphere and so you'd get "bus broke" for the Idaho trip. I hope you've enjoyed yourselves. I won't spoil your afternoon by feeding you to those lions out there. Now that's much better. SMILE.

O.K. ref, we'll be ready in a minute. We'll start back in the same way we came out. What's the score, Max? Salinas 10, Santa Maria 0, terrible! Hand me the smelling salts.

THE END

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SALINAS LOSES TO PULLMAN 35-31

Here we are, folks, in our magnificent High School gym. It's freezing weather and everybody is wrapped up for the winter, all three of them. B-r-r-r-r-r, yes sir, good old California weather, and me with only one coat. Time out for a little nip, just to warm me up a bit. As I was saying—what was I saying, oh, yes. Don't let your lungs freeze, smoke Old Chestergolds—oops, wrong program, sorry. Oh, I forgot to announce. This is station G-I-N, the breath of Salinas. It's game time and none of the boys are out on the floor. They all must be home by the fire. And if you want insurance against fire, don't build your houses of wood; use those famous—sorry, I'm off on the wrong program once more. Oh, here they come, that must be the Pullman Railroad! What a spectacle—I mean, where are my glasses? I must have left them at the office. Darn that secretary, she's only good for—but let us get back to the game. No, that wasn't the railroaders, it was Salinas. Say, boy, get me some glasses will you? No, I don't mean drinking glasses. Here, have one on me, and get me something to see through. They're out in the center of the ring. There's the whistle. Campbell jumps for the tip and catches a left on the chin. He's up, no he's down. They're all down and only two yards to go for a first down. Campbell gets a free try for an extra point. No, it's the Irish's ball on Southern California's 32. What a game, what a girl—oop, hope my wife isn't listening. It looks like a lateral, yes it is a lateral. No, Campbell fades back for a foul shot. He shoots, no he passes, and West bids four spades, North three diamonds, and East goes over to see why Notre Dame takes so long in the huddle. There goes that darned whistle again. You'd think this was one of those prolonged New Year's Eve parties. Oh look; Wish I had my glasses and I could look too. The shot is good, and Salinas is in the lead 1 to 0. Now, if they can only hold that lead. No, sir, it's too late. Notre Dame hasn't time, they should never have refused that penalty. Time out again folks, just a little something to keep warm. Where's that boy? Where's my glasses? B-r-r-r-r, it's about time for the half, and speaking of time, it's now 8 o'clock. If your

time is wrong, don't throw your watch away, bring it to—oops—wrong program again. Salinas has the ball—no, I mean Salinas had the ball. Say, boy, who has the ball; oh, yes, the referee has it. He's been hit. He's down. Boy is this game rough. We don't need a referee anyhow. Boyd's down there making faces at that railroad fellow. Help! Somebody stop him; he'll eat them alive! They're saved by the gun; the half must be over. Look over there, what's that noise? Oh—Powers has just hit the floor. That gun must have been loaded. Nice work, timekeeper—I mean—watch your step, don't point that gun up this way. Where's that boy? Where's that bottle? Where's my glasses! Oh I didn't bring my secretary along—she's so handy and I'm so

Oh! Go away you pink elephants. What's this? Hold on to your rockers folks! The gym is empty. What a game. Whee! But what was the final score. I remember it was 1 to 0—but that old janitor ought to know. You say Salinas lost 35-31. McLain was high point man? Who did they play, the Iceburg Packers? Oh, yea, those Pullman Railroads from Frisco. Did I get a ticket? No, I guess I'll have to walk home, but I must find my spectacles, and that illusive bottle, and where did I leave my secretary. No use, folks, you can't win against such odds. This is Hall saying good night over a frequency of—what's the frequency, janitor. Oh, who gives a darn how frequent it is, she'll never know anyhow. Station G-I-N the breathe of Salinas, burning off, and remember, when in Rome, do as the Romans do, if you can get away with it.

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